



St. Boniface Hospital



**FIFTIETH
ANNIVERSARY
ANNUAL**



1948

Lucy Daignault

235
16

Presented by
The Student Nurses
of the
St. Boniface School
of Nursing

May 5th, 1948

ESTOTE
FIDELIS

DEDICATION



WITH gratitude and devotion,
we, the class of 1948, dedicate
our Year Book to those who
have stood by us, encouraged
us, and who have made this
day of days possible.

The Editorial

A TRIBUTE

THE day we have looked forward to for so long has at last become a reality, and it makes us stop and think. If it were not for you, Mum, and Dad, we would never have made it. You have always believed in us, encouraged us and listened to our moans and groans with sympathy when, perhaps, you didn't know whether a "scrub" meant washing the floors or the sink. We may not have expressed our appreciation in words, but, Mum and Dad, we are very grateful, we love you, and words are inadequate to express our gratitude. God Bless You.

To the Sisters, our instructresses, Mrs. Murphy, the graduates, the doctors, our many friends and all who have helped us in our three years of training, we extend our hearty thanks. In the years to come we shall look back with fond memories to our stay at S. B. H.

At this time I would like to thank all the members of the editorial staff for their wonderful co-operation and a special "thank you" to Sr. Clermont for helping us to make this book possible.

EILEEN KINGSLEY,
Editor-in-Chief

PATRONS

DR. M. M. PIERCE
DR. D. S. McEWEN
DR. SOL KOBRINSKY
DR. E. W. STEWART
DR. W. A. MacKINNON
DR. H. GUYOT
DR. E. K. VANN
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DR. K. C. McGIBBON
DR. J. W. SIMPSON
DR. LIPPMAN
DR. H. FUNK



Front Row: Dr. C. C. Corrigan, A. C. Abbott, D. Wheeler, M. Bennett, Sol Kobrinsky, P. H. McNulty.
Back Row: Dr. E. Stephenson, L. Rabson, J. B. Bourgouin, H. Funk, T. Holland, R. O. Burrell,
 F. Stewart, J. Barrie, K. McGibson, W. MacKinnon, S. Peikoff, R. Richardson.

Surgeons and Anaesthetists

It is a privilege and a pleasure to greet you as graduates, members of the class of 1948, and on behalf of the Honorary Attending Staff of St. Boniface Hospital to extend best wishes to you at the conclusion of your training. For three years we have watched you perform your duties efficiently with gentleness and cheerfulness. You have lived with life and death. You have faced the problem of the "Why" of Suffering. Often when routine has been irksome, you have dreamed dreams of great achievements. We wish for you the fulfillment of your desires, yet would have you welcome what comes.

Rabindranath Tagore said: "Could I but have the past back, I would strive no more after the unattainable, but drain to the full the little unsought everyday joys which life offers."

That you may find these every-day joys is our wish for you as you begin professional life.

DR. D. WHEELER,
President of Staff

Staff Doctors

MEDICINE:

Dr. D. S. McEwen
Dr. J. C. Hossack
Dr. I. Pearlman
Dr. A. Hollenberg
Dr. L. R. Coke
Dr. P. Green
Dr. J. H. Martin
Dr. C. H. Moore (absent)

SURGERY:

Dr. C. E. Corrigan
Dr. R. O. Burrell
Dr. A. C. Abbott
Dr. A. T. Gowron
Dr. S. S. Peikoff
Dr. R. W. Richardson
Dr. T. E. Holland
Dr. P. H. McNulty
Dr. L. R. Rabson

PLASTIC SURGERY:

Dr. E. W. Pickard

NEURO-SURGERY:

Dr. H. F. Cameron

CHEST SURGERY:

Dr. A. C. Sinclair

ORTHOPEDICS:

Dr. K. C. McGibbon
Dr. H. Funk
Dr. W. B. MacKinnon

UROLOGY:

Dr. J. J. Bourgouin
Dr. E. Stephenson

PROCTOLOGY

Dr. J. J. Bourgouin

EYE, EAR, NOSE & THROAT:

Dr. C. M. Clare
Dr. M. M. Pierce
Dr. R. L. Ramsay

PEDIATRICS:

Dr. N. Book
Dr. G. Shapera
Dr. J. Graf
Dr. H. Davies

DENTAL:

Dr. D. Black
Dr. M. Averbach
Dr. J. Passalis

GYNAECOLOGY:

Dr. W. F. Abbott
Dr. E. W. Stewart
Dr. M. Rady
Dr. W. J. McCord

OBSTETRICS:

Dr. Sol Kobrinsky
Dr. H. Guyot
Dr. M. Ranosky
Dr. R. L. Howden
Dr. J. G. Barrie
Dr. M. Carbotte (absent)

VENEREAL DISEASE:

Dr. E. Gee

PATHOLOGY:

Dr. J. Prendergast

DERMATOLOGY:

Dr. G. Brock

ANAESTHETICS:

Dr. M. Bennett
Dr. R. Letienne
Dr. R. Willows
Dr. R. Jacques
Dr. C. Benoit
Dr. I. Phaneuf

RADIOLOGY:

Dr. D. Wheeler
Dr. J. Simpson
Dr. F. Stuart

Our Instructresses



**Reverend Sister Delia
Clermont**

Superintendent of Nurses.

Graduate of
St. Boniface Hospital.

Has been connected with the
School of Nursing since
1935.



Miss Verna J. Williams,
Clinical Instructor

Graduate of
St. Boniface School of
Nursing.

Has been with us as instructor
since 1946.



**Reverend Sister Gertrude
Jarbeau**

Graduate of
Notre Dame School of
Nursing, Montreal.

Was formerly Superintendent
but due to illness left us early
in December for a rest at St.
Boniface Sanatorium. Get well
soon, Sr. Jarbeau.



Miss Mary MacKenzie,
Nursing Arts Instructor

Graduate of
St. Boniface School of
Nursing.

Has been connected with the
St. Boniface School of Nurs-
ing since 1945.



**Reverend Sister Melina
Trottier,**

Science Instructor

Graduate of
St. Boniface Hospital.

Has been connected with St.
Boniface Hospital since 1934
and with the School of Nurs-
ing since 1944.

A Message to the 1948 Graduating Class



SR. DELIA CLERMONT,
Supt. of Nurses

GRADUATION—Commencement—two words of great significance to you which have the power to arouse mingled emotions of sadness, joy and hope. It has been said that there are two mental sports in which the human mind finds great pleasure, they are: looking backward and looking forward. There is no better day to indulge in this favorite pastime than on your graduation day when your mind is filled with memories of what has been and visions of what is to be.

You have reached the bend of the road. Your graduation terminates a period of time given over to the acquisition of knowledge and skills necessary to qualify you as professional nurses. You have had to put forth exacting and persevering effort for the last three years and have frequently sacrificed some of the freedom which youth craves. I think you will agree with me, however, at least in your moments of peaceful meditation, that nothing else could have given you greater satisfaction than the privileges and opportunities which your Alma Mater has made possible for you.

And now, you have completed your course. I congratulate you on your success in achieving this goal and also on your choice of nursing as your life work. We who have watched you develop to professional maturity have confidence in your future. May you always be true to the picture of the Ideal Nurse sketched for us by Dr. Herbert L. Northrop:

"She has the noble brow of an idealist, with the vitality to make her dreams come true; her body is strong and pliable with a capacity for work; she radiates health; she is comprehensive; understanding and generous in her sympathies; she sees life as it is—has few illusions but is not pessimistic; she knows the difficult road she has chosen and does not complain of its hardships; she is practical, efficient and trustworthy, her lips smile with the fervor of ambition and her eyes glow with the vision of service. She stands in our midst brave, vivid, dynamic—her idealization warming the heart of humanity like a steady flame."

May you be such a nurse and "in the dark pathways of life you will be the light."

SR. DELIA CLERMONT, Supt. of Nurses.



Message From Sister Superior



SISTER ALBINA BOISEVERT,
S.G.M.,
General Superintendent and Superior.

To the 1948 Graduating Class:

Your three long years of training are now ended, and the glory of your graduation day is here to crown the generous efforts of your student's career.

As professional women, you have before you a future full of promise. Success will be yours if you live up to the standards and principles of your Alma Mater. We gladly share your legitimate pride of having achieved the goal.

It is indeed a great pleasure for me to congratulate you at this time and express the wish,

THAT THE LORD BE WITH YOU

In your joys, to sanctify them,
In your sorrows, to soften them,
In your successes, to bless them,
And in your trials, to relieve them.

SISTER ALBINA BOISVERT, S.G.M.,
General Superintendent and Superior.

The Year Book Staff



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Advertising

BETH WOOD

To The Graduates

6 Bennington Terrace,
Edinburgh 6, Scotland.

My Dear Miss Kingsley:

One's memory performs its functions in diverse manner. In this case I had conveniently forgotten your request of a few months ago to write a letter to the editor depicting some experiences in and impressions of this country. On receiving a short note from you regarding this matter, a slight blush of embarrassment crept over me for I had hoped you would forget. Why any meagre efforts on my part should be honored to grace the pages of the Nurses' Year Book is beyond comprehension, for there are many whose pens are much more gifted and extremely more fluent than mine. Perhaps it will afford a source of amusement in days to come to any who will thumb through the Journal and will then either reminisce or wonder!

Although it is only about five months since I left St. Boniface Hospital, at times it feels much longer and in other instances I can't perceive how the weeks have flitted by so rapidly. I won't belabor you with a travelogue of places seen or visited for excellent descriptions are obtainable in catalogues from any Travel Bureau. Indeed, except for a week in London (spent with Dr. Miller) and a few days in the Lake District in Cumberland, I came straight to Edinburgh and have not had the opportunity to do much sightseeing. That will have to wait.

Edinburgh is claimed to be a very beautiful city, but my first impression on arrival coincided with that of the person who called it "Auld Reekie," because of the innumerable chimney pots that it possesses for its skyline. However, as the natives say "we have the most beautiful street in the world in the Princess Street," and that is true. For about the mile that this street extends one side is taken up by gardens and monuments, the Museum and Art Gallery, and the street (and the whole city for that matter) is overlooked by stately Edinburgh Castle. I am waiting for the gardens to bloom, for I arrived too late to see them in all their glory and splendor. In addition there are numerous picturesque and historic places of interest, all steeped in heritage, that can be visited and I have availed myself of this as far as time permits.

My reason for coming here, as you know, was not for pleasure, but for studies. These I might add, are progressing favourably. In addition to attending a strenuous course of lectures, we visit the different hospitals in small clinical groups to see cases, make ward rounds, watch operations and so forth. Heretofore it has all been very profitable. The courses end about May and after that . . . Because of the drawing power of its University, Edinburgh is really Cosmopolitan. Apart from the Poles attending the Polish Medical School, one sees people from India (Sikhs, Moslems and Hindu's), Egypt, Arabia, Malaya, Malta, Baghdad, China, South Africa, West Indies, etc., etc. One's whole time could be taken up just talking to these people about their countries, its customs and so forth.

It seems that a letter from here should contain some mention about "austerity" and the "weather." Regarding the former, as applied to conditions here at present, "austere" is a mild word and I shan't dwell upon it. The weather though is a favorite topic of mine and I could go on for pages, but the descriptive language would be censored as unfit for consumption. Suffice to say that it intensifies and augments Vancouver's worst winter weather by raining almost all the time, and that when it isn't drizzling or raining the skies are so overcast with murky clouds

(or is it just the smoke from the chimney pots) that it looks like rain. It is axiomatic that one doesn't venture out sans raincoat, umbrella, etc., and on occasions I have wished for Dr. Bourgoins hip-boots.

To the girls who are graduating this year I extend my heartfelt congratulations and best wishes and am sorry that I won't be able to witness what will be cherished as one of the most happy events of their lives. That I have a personal interest in their future welfare which arises from associations both on the ward and in the classroom, is understood. I will not extoll the virtues of their professions or comment on the vigorous training undergone, for they will have heard enough of that by now. Nor will I offer advice about how to conduct themselves henceforth, except as Longfellow once said:

*"Let us then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing
Learn to labour — and to wait."*

Sincerely,

M. J. LEHMANN, M.D.



A Review of Styles for the Fiftieth Anniversary of the St. Boniface School of Nursing

IN THE YEAR 1700, the British Parliament passed a law providing that any woman who attempted to urge a man into matrimony "by means of scent or cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, iron stays, hoops, high heeled shoes or bolstered hips" should draw upon herself the penalty prescribed for witchcraft and that the marriage would, in the eyes of the law "stand null and void."

Nowadays, if a girl hasn't got an eighteen-inch waist (gained by false or true means), a hat that sits on the side of her head, a swing back coat that dips in the back and that smooth look,—well she just isn't considered in.

In reviewing the nurses' uniforms (exclusive St. Boniface Hospital) I'm not going to start back in the eighteenth century—because for the simply obvious reason that a school of nursing wasn't provided at St. Boniface Hospital until the nineteenth century—1897, to be exact.

The first uniform was originated in 1899—it is not shown on the opposite page because I didn't have room.

1905—St. Boniface Hospital then consisted of 350 beds. The uniform was blue cotton with white maple leaves printed on it, over which went a white bib and apron. The collar was Victorian-high and stiff. The caps resembled an inverted paper bag tied in the middle. The length of the uniform was to the ankle.

1924—The number of hospital beds were now 475. The uniform was all white including shoes and stockings. The cap was changed for a flatter kind, the collars were lower but the length of the uniform remained the same.

1928—The nurses' residence was first opened.
What happened to this uniform? You're asking! That is the \$64 question. How did the waistline slip so low and the style change so drastically?

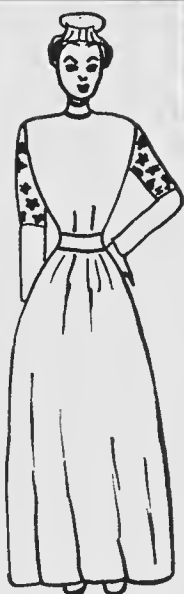
1931—The Sanatorium with 300 beds was opened two years previous to this. The girls in training at the time must have had to get up an hour early to do up all the buttons—there being two rows of them. The waistline was raised at least one whole inch and the length of the uniform was now a daring 13 inches from the floor.

1941—The St. Boniface Hospital had now 500 beds.
Ah! now the uniform is getting closer to what it resembles today. The dress with long sleeves was blue. The apron and the bib were now back in force and a new cap was introduced.

1948—The St. Boniface Hospital now boasts 575 beds.
The uniform of today is right in style with the "new look," the length still being 13 inches from the floor. The apron is full, accentuating the hips and the waistline may be restricted to a dainty 18 inches (if you move the buttons over, and give up breathing). The sleeves are short and well starched which are supposed to give you a trim round shoulder effect so in style today, but which make me feel like a rugby player.

Probably ten years from today we will think back and wonder how we ever wore those awful uniforms. Will you? . . . not me . . . I like them.

PAT WOOD.



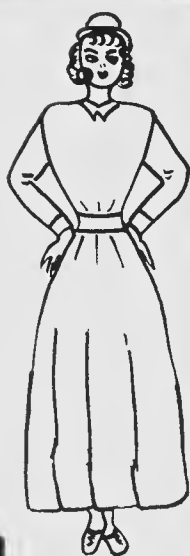
1905



1928



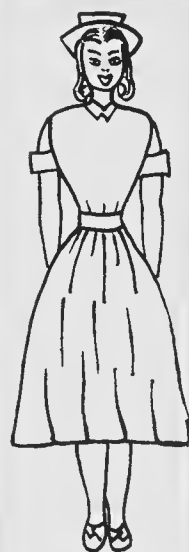
1941



1924



1931



1948

VALEDICTORY

TODAY, we will receive our diplomas as "Graduate Nurses." This is a solemn moment that brings upon us the full realization of all we have received and for which we will always be grateful.

It is a day from which we look back to what has been achieved, and forward, with ambitious hopes, to future accomplishments. Today we see ourselves, fully qualified nurses, setting out upon our career in the service of mankind. This is indeed, a landmark in the history of our lives.

For weeks now the members of this senior class have been quietly and efficiently going about their duties, in spite of a growing excitement which at times reached such a degree of intensity, it seemed almost impossible to exercise control. Three years of discipline, however, kept us from forgetting the dignity that is an essential quality in a nurse, and so the urge to go about singing with joy was carefully repressed. As the days slipped by, and the passing of winter made way for spring, thoughts of graduation day became uppermost in our minds. Now that day is here and we stand at the meeting of a wonderful promising future and of a happy past.

The intervening years between the first day of training and that of our graduation have filled our hearts with memories which shall never be forgotten. Memories of the companionship of Residence life—complete with gatherings in one room to discuss the day's events or to plan for the future. Memories of celebrations after passing dreaded examinations and upon receiving caps and bands. Memories of letters from home and the never forgotten holidays. Memories of Mrs. Murphy coping with our late leaves; of the class parties, Hallowe'en parties, and those given by the Sisters to brighten our Christmases away from home. There are memories too of a more serious tone—those of the hours of classes, of lectures and of studies—the months of practical work, the whole course of training which has given the school we are proud of, the standing it has today.

This training, we have received, lifts us into the professional class, and thus opens the door to a life of exceptional usefulness in many spheres of human endeavor. Some of us will remain as private nurses, putting into practice the bedside training received during the last three years. Some will prefer to prepare themselves for positions of greater responsibility, in specialized fields. There is an urgent call for nurses to join the Public Health Service. Reconstruction and rehabilitation is still going on in parts of the world and we, in faithfulness to duty, can help in the many adjustments to be made.

It is good for nurses, as for others, to broaden their experiences by travel, post-graduate courses, interchange with other hospitals and by contacts with other people and nationalities. Whatever we may be able to contribute to the common good will depend a great deal on our ideal of service and on our continued efforts to improve ourselves.

As we stand here with our black bands, school pins and roses, we cannot help but think of the student nurses of the present and the future and hope that they will all realize a day, like this, so filled with satisfaction and joy.

Because of the many memories, lingering in our hearts, we will never be able to say "good bye" to the friends we have met in training. They shall live on through the years with us in the pleasant land of souvenirs.

This memorable day, however, would not be complete without those so dear, who have made possible for us our happiness—and so, to our moms and dads go our deepest love and appreciation. As your eyes shine, too, with joy at our success, our prayer is—may that light shine on undimmed and may the trust and confidence you have placed in us be realized in its fullest measure.

It is with deepest gratitude that we simply and sincerely, thank you, the Reverend Sisters, the doctors, instructors, and graduates for your untiring devotedness, for your forbearance in our shortcomings and inexperience, and for giving us guidance which will enable us to face the world as "GRADUATE NURSES!"

JUEL LaVERNE KYLE.

Graduates

*God made a nurse
He made her heart, brave, true and kind.
And like the mountain streams her mind
As crystal clear, yet swift and deep
As where its waters, rush and sweep.*

*He made her hands strong, tender, skilled
Their touch with His own pity filled,
And gave to make His nurse complete,
A sense of humor wholesome, sweet
God made a nurse. — Thank God.*



ELIZABETH BEST
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

Life is just a great big happy joke
When Betty's at Joe's with a nip and a
coke.



BETH BRECKENRIDGE
INGLIS, MANITOBA

Determination is Beth's second name,
She perseveres until she wins the game.



HEATHER CARLYLE
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

There was never a prank she wouldn't
dare.
Our Heather, with the feather bobbed
hair.
(Heather, Heather, how is the weather?)



MARGARET CARTER
RATHWELL, MANITOBA

When Dan Cupid shoots his dart
It lands in Carter's susceptible heart.



CHARLOTTE CLOUTIER
St. BONIFACE, MANITOBA

A natural blond — a lover of fun.
Prefers dancing to duty.



LENORE DeCONINCK
FEE SPUR, ONTARIO

If at a fashion show you would like to be
Connie's wardrobe is all you need to see.



MIRIAM DANA
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

Freckle faced, with auburn tresses.
Which Percy? — we'll give you three
guesses.



ALICE DERENIOWSKI
MIKADO, SASKATCHEWAN

Did you ever hear anyone laugh like that
before?
Derry is a girl we all adore.

LYDIA DYCK

MANITOU, MANITOBA

Though poor Lydia came out in lumps,
She never believed she really had mumps.



MARGARET DRIEDGER

NIVERVILLE, MANITOBA

Not only is she a very good nurse,
The rag dolls she makes could enlarge her
purse.



MARY FEIR

BASSWOOD, MANITOBA

For tact and sense, she's hard to beat.
You'll never meet a girl so sweet.



FLORENCE FORD

PINE FALLS, MANITOBA

Small and pert, with ways so winning.
Flo's favorite hobby is swimming.



NORMA GREENE

STONY MOUNTAIN, MANITOBA

We can understand her interest in
Orthopedics —
But why does she suffer from insomnia?

SIMONE GEORGET

DOMREMY, SASKATCHEWAN

When Georget was buzzed
"To go" was a must
In a studebaker,
Followed by a cloud of dust.



THORA HONEY

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA (formerly Binscarth)

"Who is getting familiar?" — Sister wants
to know.
"That's just my name" — says Thora, all
aglow.



JENNIE JOHANZEN

NETHERHILL, SASKATCHEWAN

With eyes that blaze and hair with sheen
Our Jennie — she's taking dexidrine.
Ask her about Schumann, Brahms, Chopin,
Play their music — she really can.



JUEL LAVERNE KYLE
ASSINIBOIA, SASKATCHEWAN

Have you wondered why Verne is the top
of the heap?
There's a clue;
I looked in her eyes, saw a shamrock
asleep.
Did you?

MARY JOAN KEY
PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MANITOBA

The buzzer's ringing, he's on the phone,
With soap suds trailing, here comes Joan.



EUNICE KING
ST. BONIFACE, MANITOBA

A lovely voice — complexion fair,
Oh! why did Eunice cut that lovely long
hair?

LUCILLE LEGER
NORWOOD, MANITOBA

Should you be feeling slightly blue,
Leger will do more than Bob Hope for you.



ELSIE LOEWEN
STEINBACH, MANITOBA

What a clatter of voices coming from
Four,
Dyck and Loewen are at it once more.

JACQUELINE MANNING
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

Blue eyed, blonde, slim and tall,
What a wealth of personality under it all.



BETTY OBENAUER
CHURCHBRIDGE, SASKATCHEWAN

Vita, a town of vitality,
Has awakened with reality.
Since a girl — our Obenauer
Has livened up its every hour.

TRESSA KAIN
OXBOW, SASKATCHEWAN

For a sincere friend there are few as fine,
She'll soon tell T.C.A. how to run their
line.

EVELYN OLIVIER
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

Surgery — I love it! I'll stay.
The operating room was lucky that day.

MARY PETERS
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

A dreamy look her eye doth hold.
"Up late last night" — is what we are told.

DOLORES RANDALL

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK

Scientists have their atoms and dynamos
handy.
We don't need them, we've got Randy!

MARGARET ROBERTSON

RUSSEL, MANITOBA

For her doth the midnight oil burn.
The moon to her is not just another light
bulb.

MABEL SEVERIN

LANGENBURG, SASKATCHEWAN

For proficiency plus, here's the lass.
Will wedding bells ring before the year is
past?

OLIVE SLOBODZIAN

VOLGA, MANITOBA

For music she has quite an ear.

As a nurse she's really a dear.
You should see our little "Gin."
Just ring the bell and she'll be in.

MARY LOUISE TINGLEY

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

Athletic, seamstress — talent galore,
When M. L. smiles we ask for more.

MARIE ANGE VIEL

ST. BONIFACE, MANITOBA

When these Vogue patterns were first
designed,
Someone must have had Marie Ange in
mind.





HILDA WIENS

ELM CREEK, MANITOBA

Her conversation is brief and filled with hope,
"Hey, is anybody going out? I'm hungry."

DOROTHY ADAMS

MANITOU, MANITOBA

Long letters to Vancouver take up much of her time,
She also skates, skies and plays tennis
(darn thing won't rhyme)
Dancing's her hobby, to all the formals
she'll rush,
And those parties at the Alex., watch our Dorothy blush.



MARGARET BEAULIEU

EMERSON, MANITOBA

Her friends shriek with laughter as she mimics her foes,
Her hobby is eating; her ambition three beaus.
She advocates walking and shouts, "Kids, let's go."
My lungs are in need of some fresh O₂."

ELIZABETH BOLT

NORTH KILDONAN, MANITOBA

Steady and true,
Full of good cheer.
A joke and a grumble combined make our Bolt a dear,
We couldn't and wouldn't do without her.



ELODIE BRIERE

MEYRONNE, SASKATCHEWAN

A lover of fun, Briere always has a joke to crack (or an egg to lay).
It is said she loves carnations, especially six in a corsage.
Despises nurses who empty all her supps on St. Louis,
Also psychiatry lectures and sleep outs on New Year's Eve.

MARIETTE JEANINE HORTENSE CADIEUX

LETELLIER, MANITOBA

Long of name,
Short of stature.
Full of kindness,
Bubbling with laughter.



LOVEY CHOCK

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

She loves to eat, she loves to rest.
She works along with the very best.
But when you want her she's never in sight,
For she goes home most every night.

JEAN CUNNINGHAM

EDMONTON, ALBERTA (formerly Selkirk, Man.)

Sure, methodical, slender and neat,
Her energy replenished across the street.
Full of humor; versatile too!
When she's finished here she goes back to "U."

AUDREY DILAY
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

She's tall and demure, brightest nurse in
our class,
A friend to all, an okay sort,
Roller Skating her favorite sport.

LORRAINE MAVIS ENGLER
TYNDALL, MANITOBA

Singing in the bath tub —
Singing for joy.
The cause of her happiness —
Could it be a Transcona boy?

MARY GOOSSEN
STEINBACH, MANITOBA

(One of the dextrine club)
Her brown eyes sparkling, she whisks too
and fro,
She's happy-go-lucky — a great gal to
know.
Let's go 'cross the street, you can hear her
scream.
The O.R. is her specialty, a turkey ranch
her dream.

HERTHA HEINSOHN
LANGENBURG, SASKATCHEWAN

Lots of sleep, lots to eat, and a six foot
man,
That's T.N.T.'s idea of Heaven, but if you
can,
She'd like a formal dance, too, at gradua-
tion in May —
With a big party later just to finish the
day.

LILY HOPPE
LANGENBURG, SASKATCHEWAN

She can chuckle for hours about a cartoon.
It takes the classics to make her swoon.
Dependable, sweet, a good friend to own.
She keeps her chums happy with parcels
from home.

EILEEN KINGSLEY
CODETTE, SASKATCHEWAN

To know her is a privilege
To work with her a treat;
To find charm filled with knowledge
It's Eileen you should meet.

MURIEL LANCHBERY
CARTWRIGHT, MANITOBA

Lives on Fifth Floor with the rest of the
"best"?
She must sleep all day 'cause at night
she's a pest.
Never mind, Lanch, we think you're swell,
Tho' you're always in trouble and often
get -- (censored).

JULIA MICHALUK
KENORA, ONTARIO

On duty — efficient.
Off duty — she's gay.
Just bring her your gripes,
She'll laugh them away.





MARGARET McAULEY
MINNEBOSA, MANITOBA

McAuley? She's the quiet one, someone said.
Yes! Well you should hear her when she's going to bed.
Hi! Lunch, my jaws are all swollen, she screams down the hall.
A swell gal is McAuley, well liked by all.



JUNE McLELLAND
SWAN RIVER, MANITOBA

She got an idea, and followed it through.
Mac is our President, a born leader, too;
Yet you'd never guess it,
She's blonde and petite,
But tactful, explicit, a gal hard to beat.

SUSAN PAXTON
OAK RIVER, MANITOBA

Yes, Sue! Know her? Why of course!
Fond of argument, full of curiosity,
Innocent looking, plumb full of tricks;
Blue eyed — and pretty —
That's our Sue!



PHYLLIS RUSHTON
ERICKSON, MANITOBA

Pills and food from wards on the cuff,
Allan and books, and music and stuff.

PHYLLIS SELICK
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

A popular gal, well liked by all.
"Did you pass in Ethics?" you hear her call.
An ardent fan of her mother's cooking.
And operas and skiing, and men good looking.



NANCY SHEPHERD
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

Shepherd? Why, she's a wonderful girl.
old thing.
So clever and studious and all that sort
of thing;
And pleasant to speak to, as well, don't
you know;
In psychiatry she really steals the show.

RITA SICOTTE

ST. PIERRE JOLYS, MANITOBA

Our red-headed Rita, Oh! la, la!
How that girl's changed since old '45.
She's slept through her classes and Joan
of Arc nights;
But never mind, Sicotte, we know you'll
do alright.



LILY STEFFAN

TRANSCONA, MANITOBA

Kind hearted, good natured.
Loves sports, doesn't sleep in class.
Always questioning (How do you warm a
bedpan, Miss Craig?)
Always grinning; about the most popular
girl in our class.



BETH STEWART

PINE FALLS, MANITOBA

A bonnie Scotch lassie (Highland, please).
She stays here only 'cause she paid her
fees.
Sense of humor, she speaks with a drawl.
And those stories she tells, well, some
are so tall !!!



JOYCE STRICKLAND

HAMICTA, MANITOBA

Her dress is distinctive,
Proud is her walk,
You know she's a lady
When you hear her talk.
Cool and collected (except on her skills)
A swell little nurse
We'd be lost without Joyce.



CATHERINE TOEWS

GIROUX, MANITOBA

The only member of our class who is
engaged—
Officially, anyhow.
Favorite sport off duty—baby sitting.

CATHERINE TOPOLINSKI

NORWOOD, MANITOBA

Works hard at her studies.
Especially Anatomy and MIKErobiology.
Bring her any task —
Her courage and energy
Will carry her through.



MARCELLE VIEN

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

Small, dark, and vivacious — that's our
Marcelle.
Classes she loves as we all know well.
Interested in sports, too, or is it the game?
Or that big strong redhead — what's his
name?



MAE WADDELL
NEWDALE, MANITOBA

Pretty blonde, mischievous,
Poised as any "Belle."
The life of any party
Is our Mae Waddell.

LYDIA WIEBE
STEINFACH, MANITOBA

Level headed and efficient through and
through,
Yet she's kind and good,
Full of humor, too!



MARJORIE YOUNG
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

Our Marj. seems sweet and quiet in her
ways,
But ask her what she did on holidays.
St. Mary's is her favorite ward,
"When do I move from here, oh! Lord?"

MARY ZIEGLER
TRANSCONA, MANITOBA

Ziegler sneaks in through the door,
Settles down and starts to snore.
Someday she'll stay awake through class,
Such miracles have come to pass.

St. Boniface

(John Fisher, CBC, June 1)

St. Boniface sits across the river from Winnipeg, and at night in Winnipeg you can hear the Angelus ringing from the bells of the great cathedral. The music floats across the Red River—a setting that inspired John Greenleaf Whittier:

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace:
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman mission
That call from the turrets twain
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain.

Scholarships and Prizes

THE ST. BONIFACE NURSES' ALUMNAE SCHOLARSHIP

Awarded to MISS EILEEN KINGSLEY

THE JUBILEE SCHOLARSHIP

Awarded to MISS MARGARET CARTER

THE JUBILEE SCHOLARSHIP

Awarded to MRS. CATHERINE TOPOLINSKI

MEDAL FOR HIGHEST STANDING IN THEORY

Presented by Birks' Dingwall

Awarded to MISS ALICE DERENIWSKI

MEDAL FOR GENERAL PROFICIENCY

Presented by Dr. D. S. McEwen

Awarded to MISS EILEEN KINGSLEY

PRIZE FOR GENERAL PROFICIENCY — INTERMEDIATE CLASS

Presented by Dr. Digby Wheeler

Awarded to MISS GLADYS SPIERS

PRIZE FOR GENERAL PROFICIENCY — JUNIOR CLASS

Presented by Dr. R. O. Burrell

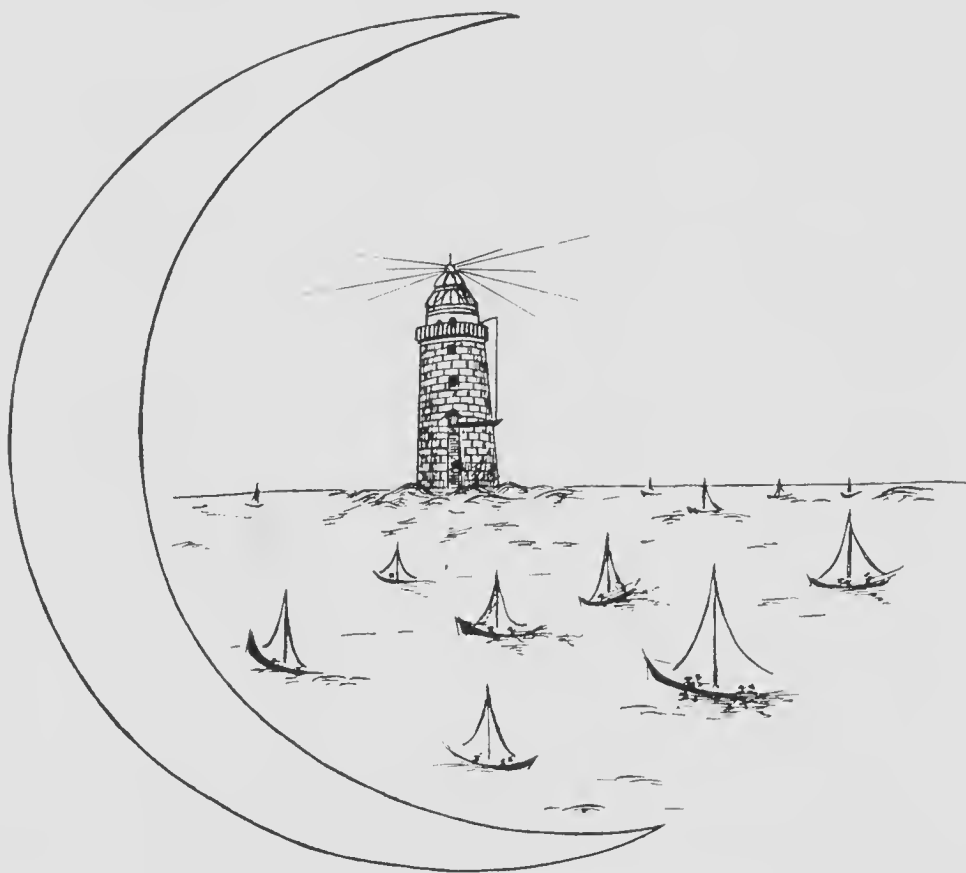
Awarded to MISS SOPHIE DMYTERKO

Nurses Pledge . . .

I pledge myself to a life of personal purity and womanly dignity and to the maintenance of the high standard of my profession. I pledge unswerving loyalty to the best traditions of my Alma Mater, and I promise never to take or administer harmful drugs or to become a guilty party to any criminal attempt upon human life.

I pledge perfect fidelity and conscientious obedience to the directions and instructions of the physician or surgeon under whom I am serving and I will devote myself conscientiously, painstakingly and wholeheartedly to the care of the patients whose very lives are committed to my care.

Lastly, I pledge myself to keep sacred and inviolable whatever matters of an intimate nature may come to my knowledge in the home where I am called to serve.



In years to come when you are scattered about
the world may the thought of your Alma Mater be
the lighthouse to guide you in life's devious ways and
urge you to be ever mindful of your motto —

ESTOTE FIDELES

SR. M. TROTTIER

ALUMNÆ

Staff Nurses



Front Row: Mrs. R. Chandler, A. Merlevede, Mrs. Lemoine, Mrs. Smith, Miss Thompson.
Middle Row: Miss Skremetka, Mrs. McClure, D. Mullins, M. Lougheed, M. McKenzie, N. Federowski,
 Mrs. Kroll.
Back Row: C. Rosset, A. O'Keefe, Mrs. Schmidt, C. Bourgeault, Mrs. Barnett, N. Pierce, V. Williams,
 Mrs. Ethier.

GREETINGS

... from The St. Boniface Nurses' Alumnae

To the Members of the 1948 Graduating Class:

You have all reached another milestone in your lives and we are happy and proud to welcome you at this time to the ever-widening circle of professional nurses. The many ups and downs you encountered during your training period will soon be but memories. As you enter into this larger sphere of nursing activities, the members of your Alumnae stand ready to serve you in any way possible. May we take this opportunity to extend to you our sincere good wishes for success and happiness in your chosen profession.

MARY E. WILSON, President.



M. S. N. A.

What is it? In the world of letters it means more to us as Student Nurses than any other group of letters in the alphabet. It is the Manitoba Student Nurses Association; the only one of its kind in Canada.

In its fourth year, the M.S.N.A. is rapidly becoming known through its various activities such as the annual dance and raffle and various get-together parties.

Each month the Association meets at one of the hospitals and various committees are in charge of the evening. In the past year we have enjoyed several lectures on numerous topics, skating parties, hard-times party and a "Y" night each Wednesday of the fall and spring months at the Y.W.C.A.

This year we are very honored indeed at being asked to send a representative of our association to the Canadian Nurses' Association Convention to be held in New Brunswick in June.

The M.S.N.A. is an organization in its youth, one which we can watch grow and one of which we may be proud. Support it.

B. WOOD, Convenor of Current Events.

Where They Went From Here

HELENE LIPKA.....	Viceroy, Sask.
AGNES O'KEEFE.....	St. Boniface Hospital on Staff
EDITH BUTTON.....	St. Boniface Hospital on Staff
EMMA MITCHELL.....	Brooks, Alberta
JUNE WILCOCK.....	Mrs. Nairn
MARGARET KANE.....	Minneapolis, Minn.
ISABEL STEWART.....	Specialing
VELMA MILES.....	Mrs. Kenneth Wakefield
MARION LENDRUM.....	Tennessee, U.S.A.
HELEN FUNK.....	Winkler, Manitoba
MARGARET JANZEN.....	Winkler, Manitoba
OLIVE ENNS.....	Victoria Hospital, Winnipeg
BETTY ELLIOTT.....	Mrs. Platt
SHIRLEY JOHNSTONE.....	St. Joseph's Hospital, Winnipeg
LUBA GOLD.....	St. Boniface Hospital on Staff
EDITH TURNBULL.....	Brooks, Alberta
EVELYN BECKMAN.....	Mrs. McCoy
DORIS CARSON.....	Specialing
RUBY JORY.....	Fisher Branch, Manitoba
EDNA PENNER.....	Winkler, Manitoba
LILLIAN BAKER.....	Viceroy, Sask.
GERALDINE GLEASON.....	Winnipeg Clinic, Manitoba
PATRICIA HOUSTON.....	St. Boniface Hospital on Staff
LAURA SMITS.....	Fort Francis, Ont.
ROSE MARY GLYNN.....	St. Boniface Hospital on Staff
GLORIA BAXTER.....	Dr. Graf's Office
GENEVIEVE CORNIAT.....	St. Boniface Hospital on Staff
PATRICIA SCOTT.....	Souris, Manitoba
MARGARET WASCHENFELDER.....	Mrs. Baer
ANNE ANTONIAK.....	Minneapolis, Minn.
EDEN GUPPY.....	Specialing
DOROTHY DONALD.....	The General Hospital, Winnipeg
ALMA JANESKI.....	St. Boniface Hospital on Staff
MURIEL ROBIN.....	Pine Falls, Manitoba
ANNE KOZAK.....	Pine Falls, Manitoba
JUNE THOMPSON.....	St. Joseph's Hospital, Winnipeg
RAE FOORD.....	Mrs. McClure
DORA BLUDOFF.....	Kamsack, Sask.
ESTHER THOMSEN.....	St. Boniface Hospital on Staff
PEARL GOLD.....	Kamsack, Sask.
SHIRLEY DRYSDALE.....	The Winnipeg General Hospital
DORIS MARTIN.....	U.S.A.

intern's

Senior Internes



Left to right: Doctors J. Stolar, J. Dennis, I. Phaneuf, M. Furman, D. Sturdy.

DR. "MORRY" FURMAN—Resident in Surgery. Married to a charming brunette. May do post-graduate work in the States.

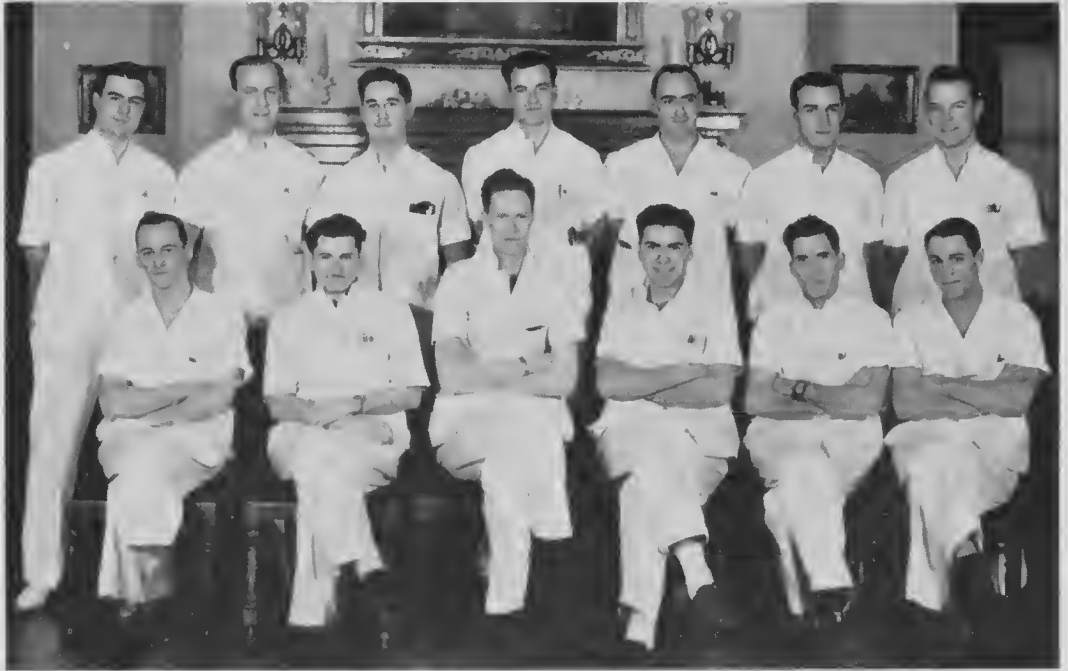
DR. JACK DENNIS—Resident in Medicine. Still playing the field. "Have the Junior see me?"

DR. DON STURDY—Resident in Orthopedics. Also married. "Where did he learn it all?" The Junior's refuge.

DR. IRENE PHANEUF—Resident in Pathology. Makes the final diagnosis. A great gal, and she's single too, fella's.

DR. JOHN STOLAR—Dr. Stolar "25." Polylinguist, neurologist and psychiatrist. Don't let him fool you if he tells you he can't speak English.

Junior Internes



*Front Row: Doctors Weatherhead, Caminetsky, Wakefield, Cohen, Milanese, Clokie.
Back Row: Doctors Carruthers, Maguire, Smith, DePape, Best, Henderson, Boreski.*

DR. BRUCE BEST—Inclined surgically. “Call me if the junior can’t handle it.”

DR. KENNETH WAKEFIELD—Favorite expression: “Be right home hon’.” ‘Spike,’ we look up to him.

DR. “DANNY” BIGELOW—Sound-effects man. Headed for Bigelow Clinic, Brandon, via T.C.A.

DR. “HOWIE” CARRUTHERS—The “Walter Winchell” of St. Boniface. Philosopher and raconteur.

DR. SYDNEY CAMINETSKY—“Available Sid.” “You want it—he’s got it. A graduate pharmacist. Specializes in “skin temps.”

DR. MORLEY COHEN—A natural for Surgery. “Information please.” On his way up.

DR. JOEL BORESKI—Dr. Joe. Retired C.P.R. fireman. Can still work up steam on occasion.

DR. STEWART WEATHERHEAD—“The mighty atom.” Senior Stick. Master of the bedside manner. “Muscles,” for short.

DR. ALBERT DePAPE—“The poor girls’ Boyer.” “Connoisseur of horseflesh.” Will take seniorship.

DR. KENNETH CLOKIE—“The brow.” A demon for dancing. Headed for Toronto.

DR. JONAS JOHNSON—"The big sleep." Little Yonus Yokum really downs those pork chops.

DR. STEWART HENDERSON—The strong silent type. Still single! Will do General Practice.

DR. GEORGE LAMBERTSON—Season ticket for the Roseland. Member of the "Late Leave" club. Another G.P.

DR. "ELLIE" MAVOR—A great gal. Tolerates us well. Our last ounce of morality.

DR. HARVEY MUTH—Our claim to fame. Headed for Taber, Alberta.

DR. "TED" MAGUIRE—Golden Boy. Married. The settled type. Specialty—psychiatry.

DR. "BERT" MILANESE—Unobtrusive. There's a V-8 in his future. Headed Ontario-way.

DR. "MORT" SHAW—Red-blooded Canadian boy. Retired athlete. General Practice in Prince Albert.

DR. WILLIAM SHERMAN—"I want a holiday." Sophistication personified. Destination undisclosed.

DR. GORDON SMITH—Has particular interest in this Year Book. Free to live after January, 1948. President of the "Late Leave" club.

DR. GORDON RITCHIE—The quiet type, except when coming out of anaesthetic. Contented in connubial bliss.

DR. "BOB" SPRENGER—The "un"-official resident in Obstetrics. The most contented interne at St. Boniface.



Students

Junior Yellow Bands



INNER SANCTUM-Class of 1949

<i>Name</i>	<i>Favorite Pastime</i>	<i>Pet Peeve</i>	<i>Remarks</i>
MARION BONGFELDT	Sunbathing	Being forced to get out in the cold	Yumpin Yiminy!
DOROTHY BRAY	Sleeping	Sacred Heart	Holy Fright!
FLORENCE BUHR	Gadding	Working shift	How can you be so stupid?
ANTOINETTE COSTA	Cutting hair	Playing Santa	Hi kids!
THERESA COUPAL	Holidays prn.	Classes	Aye !!
JOYCE CROCKER	Dreaming of her lover —bubbles	People complaining	Come on you guys.
BETTY FAST	Reading and crocheting	University	So soon again already yet.
ESTHER ELLIOT	"Golly-knows when" chest	Black eyes	I'm so tired.
EDITH GREEN	Burning down fences.	Not receiving phone calls	Oh, shut up!
GLADYS HOFFMAN	Going home	Looking after Es.	Gee, but your awful!
BETTY HUSSELBY	Writing home	Soup, beans and hash.	I'm hungry.
FREDA JABS	Noise	Bunions	I love you too.
ANNE LAIVEY	Bookcase à la Central Service	Specimen of air	Those crazy Drs.

LORETTE MARCHAND	Feeding the tape- worm	Getting up in the morning	(Giggle) Oh, you kids are crazy .
SYLVIA MacKINNON	Sports	Getting up for classes	Oh, those bloomin' women.
AGNES MEDERNACH	Putting patients in their place	Shift on the Mat	Say, listen . . .
MARGUERITE MORTON	Men	Curling her hair	Oh! No! ! !
THERESA O'CONNOR	Writing to T. S.—B.C.	Working	Come with me to the Cazbah.
ANNE PERRY	Clothes	St. Louis	I'm tellink you.
PAULINE PREFONTAINE	Frig. door's on Taché	Noise while trying to sleep	Where's Bing Bong?
BETTY QUINN	Dumping D.R. trays	Losing corsages	Oh! Gosh!
SUSANNE St. GERMAINE	Riding in ambulances	10 weeks on Langevin	You're not kidding!
TONY SMYGORA	Knitting in class	Bangs	Oh, those stupid jerks.
TILLIE SOCHOWSKI	Skating	Miss William's pro- nunciation (name)	Chuckle! Chuckle!
ELAINE SEDDON	Eating	Medical students	Have you seen Young?
LUCILLE TOUPIN	Bills! Bills! Bills!	Insufficient late leaves	Holy Canarsy!
SELMA WASHENFELDER	Sleeping	Getting up	I didn't have enough sleep.
PHYLLIS WELLING	Skiing and life insurance	Sarcastic people	Don't tell me your troubles.
BETH WOOD	The Ski Club	Poor attendance at Mass Meetings	Don't you ever read the bulletin board?
PEARL ZANYK	Walter's new job	No phone call tonite?	Walter says.



Why Nurses Get Gray

*"Oh, nurse, won't you please come quick,
 Oh! nurse, I feel so terribly sick.
 You know how much I hate to complain,
 But, nurse, I've got the most terrible pain.
 Oh! nursie dear, don't you think
 I'd feel better if I had a drink?
 I'd like an orange or lemonade,
 But don't bother, nurse, if it isn't made.
 Thanks, nurse, I know you're awfully busy,
 But, really, I'm beginning to feel quite dizzy.
 Couldn't I have some more fresh air?
 That's just fine, nurse, now there,
 If it's not too much trouble, I'd like you to fill this ice-cap again,
 Hurry, nurse, I have a dreadful pain.
 Don't you think the time goes quicker for you
 If you're always busy with something to do?
 Now, nurse, if you'll give me another drink,
 I might be able to sleep, I think."
 "Just four o'clock in the morning."*

Senior Blue Bands



MARY ABDALLAH:
Pass That Piece Pipe.

LUCILLE GOSSELIN:
I'm a Big Girl Now.

CATHERINE DOYLE:
Some Day My Prince Will Come.

MARY CYMBALIST:
Pistol Packing Mamma.

ALMA GAUTHIER:
Behind Those Swinging Doors.

PATRICIA WOOD:
L'amour, Toujour, L'amour.

GLADYS JAMIE:
Smoke, Smoke, Smoke That Cigarette.

SIMONE PROULX:
Heartaches.

WINNIFRED MCKIE:
A Good Man Nowadays Is Hard To Find.

VICTORIA MOSTOW:
Ya, Shure And I Bet You.

MARY GUENTHER:
In The Mood.

JOYCE KING:
Her Feet's Too Big.

IRENE PINEAU:
Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey.

MARY CHOPP:
Mary's a Grand Old Name.

CECILE HAMONIC:
Fly, Birdie, Fly.

NETTIE PETKAU:
Sweet and Gentle.

ANNE BOHDAN:
Ma Honey Loves Candy.

ISABEL BARCLAY:
You'll Get Used To It.

BETTY BAKER:
Danny Boy.

MARY GEISBRECHT:
Don't Sweetheart Me.

JOAN COUTURE:
Ma'mselle.

JEAN DESCHENE:
Bumble Boogie.

ROLANDE BOSC:
Sleepy Time Gal.

ANNE GUSHALACK:
Oh! How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning.

DORIS RUNDELL:
I'm In The Mood For Love.

ELSIE VOLLHOFFER:
If I Had a Dozen Hearts.

BETTY ENNS:
I'm a Lonely Little Petunia In An Onion Patch.

DONNA SMITH:
Pack Up Your Troubles.

PHYLLIS KATCHANOSKI:
What Will I Do Now.

SISTER FLEURY:
Ave Maria.

VIOLA MANN:
Begs Your Pardon.

Junior Blue Bands



HELEN ANDRICH:

"A bonnie lass I will confess
Is pleasant to the e'e."

DOROTHY ASHLEY:

"But if ye want a friend that's true,
I'm on your list."

VIVIAN BENOIT:

"Up in the mornings not for me,
Up in the morning early."

HELEN BOSC:

"May still your life from day to day,
Harmonious flow."

EVANGELINE BOUTIN:

"Thou hast wit, and fun, and fire."

PATRICIA COLLINS:

"I'll be merry, I'll be free,
I'll be sad for naeboddy."

SHIRLEY CURRAN:

"For nature made her what she is
And never made anither."

JENNIE CYHANCHUK:

"The lass with the bonnie black e'e."

SUSIE FAST:

"She has the truest, kindest heart."

GERTRUDE FUNK:

"She gave, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther."

VIOLET GARDINER:

"The 'ae best fellow e'er was born."

DENISE GELLEY:

"Her smile is like the evening mild
When feathered tribes are courting."

HELEN GORDON:

"I said there was naething I hated like
men."

SHIRLEY HUNTER:

"Thou art a gay and bonnie lass."

ARLINE JASPER:

"In this, as every other state
His merit is conspicuous great."

JOAN PORTER:

"My Minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men."

VERA RIZNIAK:

"The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she."

HELENE ROUSSEAU:

"Although through foreign climes I
range,
I know her heart will never change."

GLADYS SPEIRS:

"There's mickle lave in raven locks."

RUTH WINDUS:

"Her reputation is complete
And fair without a flaw."

— With apologies to BOBBY BURNS.

Class of 1950



*September third, oh! day of days
Forty-six girls stumbled on in a haze.
Excited and nervous, pale and flushed;
Some short, some tall, but all slightly hushed.
Each in her turn to the desk she went,
Her key to get and to the Superior be sent;
We toured the home our rooms to locate,
Settled down in a hurry and supper we ate.
After six weeks of study and many a test,
Each working hard and doing her best.
On October fifth off to wards we went
To work with a senior and on errands be sent.
Stiff in our uniforms, proud in our heart,
For two hours we did our little part.
Then Christmas came and you see that meant
Two weeks of holidays gloriously spent.
We returned happy, our caps to get
Were we proud of it, oh, you bet!
Now we work eight hours without fuss,
S. B. H. Cap Nurses — that's us.*

Meet The New Probies

QUIET! Here they come . . . A bustling of white uniforms could be heard meeting in the chart room. Today was "D" day . . . indeed it was "The Day," for then we probies were destined to 'do or die' on wards for the first time.

Well, let's take a look at the newcomers.

Five in number, walking slowly and uncertainly towards their destination—the chart room. My! How white and starched they look, in fact, their arms and legs seem to dangle as out of a straight jacket.

Let's listen in on their conversation. Oh! Kids! I'm scared. Hope we're together. Don't leave me. Wish I were back in the safety of our classroom. Look at the poor lady, isn't she pale?" Oh! Oh! This is it!!! Here comes the graduate."

Some conversation eh! Indeed it looked as if doom itself was descending on the frightened group. Briskly each was assigned to a senior and all departed in different directions—with pleading looks at one another. I'm sure each must have thought . . . "Well there goes "X," wish I had her hand to hold now, even if mine feels like ice."

I'd better follow my senior. Here's our room, four beds, three patients. Gee! they look too human to me. What'll I say? . . . I won't say anything . . . Sure wish I could keep up a conversation with them like my senior does . . . Can't seem to open my mouth."

"What did she say?" "She want's a bed pan" . . . Oh! "Where do I get it? "Shall I give it to her" . . . "will I empty it" . . . how do you empty it?"

Poor senior . . . all these questions to answer.

Here, let me wash your back for you (five minutes later) there, does it feel clean now?

Time to serve trays . . . I'll get such a good grip on it, I won't drop it . . . crash . . . Oh! Dear. I slipped on the wet floor, I wish I were dead, everything happens to me.

My first bed, corners straight, linen smooth. Am I ever warm. Sweat (I mean perspiration) is running down my forehead. Can't take it very well, can I?

My senior sure is swell, keeps encouraging me, though I feel terrible. She's a concrete stronghold to me. My how people notice you. I feel as if all eyes were fixed on me, better not drop anything! Funny how cold my hands are and yet I feel so warm.

9:25, time's up, back to class for me. Must tell everybody about my new experiences. Bet everybody's all excited over their first day.

"Wasn't it wonderful? I actually assisted my senior in a sterile procedure?" "You should have seen what I saw—a real person came down from the Operating Room and alive!!!"

The two first hours on wards are over probies . . . now that you've more or less survived the ordeal, we'll be seeing you again.

Good luck to the graduates.

M. BENOIT.

SPORTS

SPORTS once again was topped by the popular Wednesday night spent at the Y.W.C.A. This event is sponsored by the M.S.N.A. sports committee. This year the programme was divided into the spring and fall terms; thus taking advantage of the peak of enthusiasm. Good competition is expected for the forthcoming "Swimming Gala," and each nursing school will be putting forth its best efforts.

Many of the students are patiently waiting for fair weather so that we may once again play softball. We remember our strained muscles and sprained fingers which marked our last tangle with the game.

It has been our good fortune to be able to take part in the activities of the newly formed "Winnipeg Rowing Club" Ski Division. Many of the girls have given this club their whole-hearted interest, and we are proud of their work on the various committees. Skating at the local rinks seems to round out the year's activities.

LILY STEFFAN, Sports Convenor.

The Student Council 1947-1948

ANOTHER year of student activities draws to a close and before we say good-bye we want to say, thank you, for the co-operation and help of the students and the advisory board. No report of the council would be complete without a very sincere vote of thanks to Sr. Clermont for her marvelous assistance and guidance.

This year has seen some changes which we have hoped to be in accord with the standards of St. Boniface School of Nursing . . . the introduction of "sick-time," etc.

To those who come behind we give our best wishes and hope you will continue to strive toward the same goal we have worked for . . . the upholding of the traditional high standards of our school and the preparation of the students to take their proper place in society, also the maintenance of an orderly and happy residence life. To the student body and their representatives, never cease your striving toward your settled goals. Be co-operative with each other, with your superiors; be faithful, be confident and you'll win out.

J. E. McLELLAND, President.
N. SHEPHERD, Secretary-Treasurer.



Front Row: N. Shepherd, J. McLelland, M. Vien, B. Wood, S. Curran.
Back Row: L. Steffan, E. Kingsley, S. Hunter, D. Gelley, P. Welling.

THE SODALITY OF OUR LADY

THE Sodality of Our Lady is an association which aims at fostering in its members an ardent devotion, reverence and filial love towards the Blessed Virgin Mary. At times we are prone to take our privileges for granted, but, in years to come everyone of us will turn to the Blessed Virgin Mary and be thankful for the teaching which we received while we were members of the Sodality at St. Boniface Hospital.

Father Fortin, our able director, has encouraged our activities and has broadened our outlook by explaining the origin and significance of being a Sodalist.

On December 8th we held the Reception for new Sodalists into the Sodality. Our guest speaker was Reverend Father Jubenville, O.M.I. He had just returned from Europe and took us with him on a journey of words to Notre Dame de Lourdes and many other interesting places.

Our annual Retreat was a great success. The third year students were very fortunate, making a closed Retreat at the Retreat House in St. Boniface. Father Jubinville, who preached it has attained a place of endearment in our hearts.

Instead of our usual Christmas cheer fund we decided to concentrate our efforts on the Missions. A gigantic "bazare night" was organized by Father Fortin and the nurses assisted with sale of tickets, etc.

As graduation day draws near, the senior officers of our Sodality shall be replaced by the younger nurses. May you enjoy a fruitful year of activities. To the graduates we shall say one thing: Let us not forget our motto, "*Ad Jesum per Mariam.*"

EILEEN KINGSLEY, *Prefect*
CATHERINE DOYLE, *Secretary*

Have You Heard?

WE have a new shift which has been working out very nicely. Remember the old twelve-hour night duty? That is a thing of the past. At present we have the same seven to seven day shift with hours off but also have an evening shift and an eleven to seven shift. To add to the joy of the night nurse she has one night off a week. Before long we hope to have three straight eight-hour shifts. Don't you wish you were training now?

No more roasting in the summer and freezing in the winter while on night duty, nor can you grumble or scream at your human alarm clock. The O.R. nurses have all the pleasures of their own room in "202" including a few extra bunnies. Just a mean old buzzer awakens you for an emergency at 2 a.m.

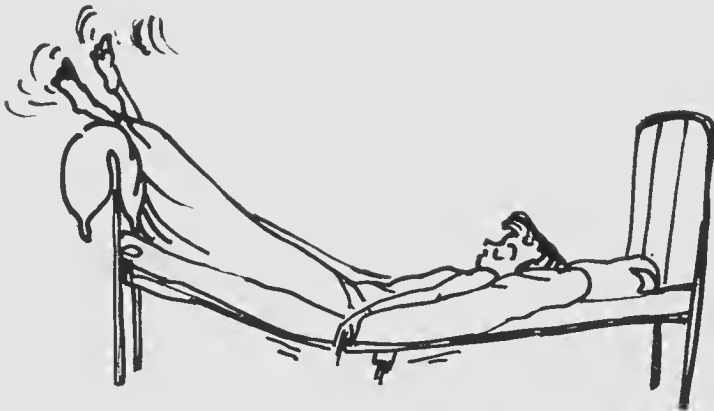
Our kitchenette boasts a bright, shiney, red, automatic 'coke' dispenser. All you need is a friend with a dime to spare. They say "the army travels on its stomach" but by the look of the kitchenette at 9.30 p.m., I'd say this applies to nurses as well. Could it be that the high cost of living is the reason for the queues for a mug of milk? Speaking of kitchens there's no reason for dishpan hands anymore. All we do is leave the dishes in the sink and Ma' doesn't do them but Maria does.

Yes, it has really happened. Drop into the Recreation Room and watch the girls relax in housecoats and butt their cigarettes in really and truly ash trays.

This one will take you off your rockers—it did us. Once a month we have an overnight pass. Think of it—once a month you won't have to worry about making that 11.50 bus and you can actually finish your coffee and sandwich at the table and not half way to the bus.

The Doctors have contributed greatly to improving our school by sparing us part of their valuable afternoons for lectures instead of the former evening classes. Another very recent addition is our "two weeks" sick time. Measles or mumps you'll still be finished with the rest.

Last but not least we are the first graduating class to have the new medal. We are proud of it and proud of our school. No one can say that "the times are out of joint" at St. Boniface School of Nursing.



**RELAXING AFTER AN AVERAGE
DAYS WORK.**

A Nurse's Day

UP and awakened with much difficulty by my alarm clock, buzzer, and roommate crying out "Hell's bells," which was methinks most appropriate. While dressing did meditate on the imbecility which prompts the young female to adopt (out of the 673 gainful occupations which, as I read the other day, are now open to maiden-ladies) a profession which necessitates her arising at 6.15 a.m. By reason of having to put on a clean uniform, did miss roll-call, most of my breakfast, arrived on duty and admonished to go about my work with great dispatch, as Ward Rounds would take place this morning, this being a most awesome collection of all the surgeons, great and small.

The interne first arrives, asking all the women how they slept in the night—and they all reply, "Oh, doctor, I never slept a wink," whereupon he looks at their charts, "Patient slept well all night," and I wonder as usual whom he deemed the liar.

Everything was most quiet during Ward Rounds, the nurses passing with hushed footfall and scarcely daring to breathe, whereupon a woman halfway down the ward began shouting and calling, "Norse, norse, bad-pin, bad-pin," and other details which do not look good in print.

Later assisted the interne with dressings, and being the first time I had done this, and most slow and clumsy I was, so that I fear the good doctor became somewhat exasperated. I yearned to say, "Verily, was anybody ever born knowing how to do dressings, and this is worse for me even than it is for you" . . . but held my peace.

Very busy all the morning and then to lunch—meeting one of my classmates outside the dining-room door and asking, "What is for lunch?" And she replying "Raw ham, cold drowned potatoes and half-cooked corn." I found it even as she had said, but for all that managed to eat a goodly portion. Upstairs to look for mail; as usual my box had that vacant look, and I decided to take a nap before class.

Arrived in time to hear the doctor begin: "It is practically impossible to attempt to cover in a single hour a subject to which medical students devote an entire semester," so I knew I was in the right class. Did truly feel sorry for the great doctor, who was trying to explain in words of one syllable ideas for which it appears there are no such words. But could also not help feeling sorry for us of feeble intellect who were endeavoring mightily to keep awake.

Back on duty to find a vast amount of work awaiting me, and was doing four o'clock treatments from three until six, so that I felt full of sympathy for the old woman who was said to live in a shoe. Narrowly escaped missing my supper by being late into the dining-room, but did manage to show them by my watch that their clock was fast, so finally received some supper—but forget now of what it did consist.

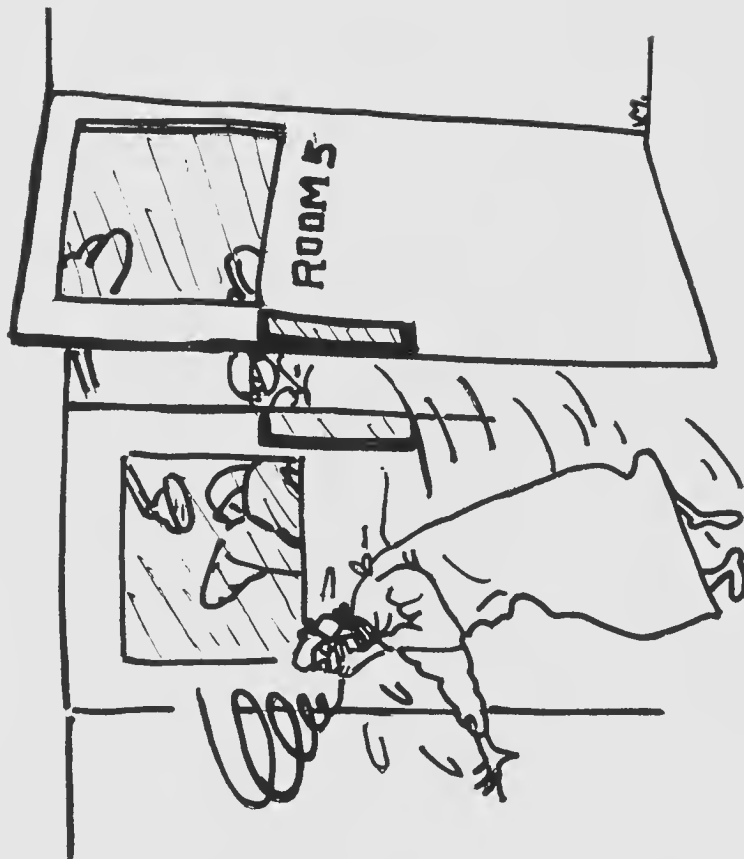
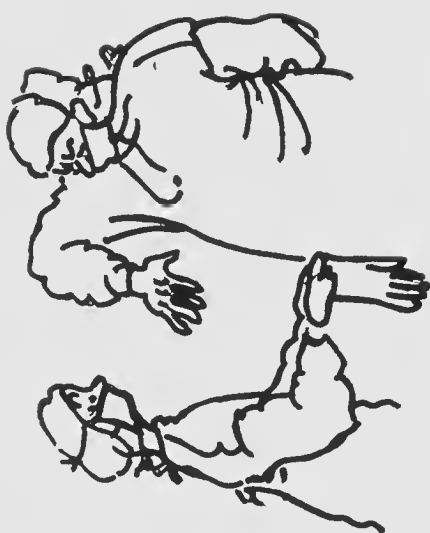
Almost ready to go off duty after beating the O.R. nurse by giving my enema first, when, at five minutes to seven a new patient was admitted, so that between putting her to bed and labelling her clothes (of which she had a vast number) and fixing her chart, and attending the doctor, it was nearly eight o'clock when I got home. Did resolve when I became Superintendent of a hospital there would be no patients admitted after five o'clock either at night or in the morning—nor on Sunday all day.

Reclined upon my bed—thinking possibly to receive a telephone call; and put my feet up so I might not develop varicose veins, which we are told are the special foe of nurses and pregnant women. Methought, how terrible if one were both.

Becoming too comfortable in this position and not receiving my telephone call (which I did not much expect anyway), I soon fell asleep and so remained until my roommate came in and awoke me.

Staggered down to the desk to sign in so Mrs. Murphy wouldn't think I'd slept out, dressed and went to bed in such a drowsy condition that I did apply hair- tonic to my face instead of skin lotion. Lay awake for a few minutes wondering whether, perchance, I might wake up next morning with a full beard, but too tired to let this thought distress me long—and so to sleep . . .

TRYING TIMES



EGAD!

Ripley's Version of the O. R.

(BELIEVE IT OR NOT)

You will often find—

1. Grandpa McNulty early for his eleven o'clock cases.
2. Dr. Burrell and Dr. Abbott discussing the values of a Vagotomy.
3. Dr. Lippman slating his cases three days ahead of time and never in a hurry.
4. Dr. Ranosky slating emergency tonsillectomies.
5. Dr. Bourgouin in rubber boots wading through "cool, cool, water."
6. Dr. Hollenbergs gladly lending their instruments.

You will never hear—

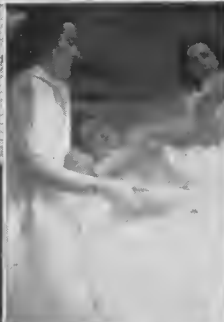
1. Dr. Fahrni complaining loudly about sutures, needles and service.
2. Dr. Benoit expressing his opinion during another doctor's operation.
3. Dr. Letienne telling parlor jokes.
4. Dr. Abbott expressing the time if an intern is late for 8 o'clock case.
5. Dr. Evoy complaining of his lily white hands.
6. Dr. Corrigan calling for his blonde or brunette sutures.

It is not usual to see—

1. Dr. Weatherhead late for an 8 o'clock case.
2. Dr. Prendergast testing tubes for sterile air.
3. Dr. McEwen fishing for peanuts, pins, pennies.
4. Dr. Peikoff and Greenberg mixed up in their operating hours.
5. Dr. Bennett sponsoring a dexidrine contest.

Favourite Expressions—

1. Mary, hand me a forcep.
2. My dear child, have you never been told.
3. Nurse, hand me a **plain chromic** catgut.
4. Girlie, have you some silk for the skin.
5. Whistle, whistle. Well . . . are you in a good mood this morning.
6. Sponge nurse . . . SPONGE NURSE.
7. Say, nurse, have you heard this one?
8. But Sister, this is the first time that we came late.
9. Look fellas. This is the biggest one I've ever seen.
10. Jumpery Judas catfish, when are you guys going to close up?
11. (Slowly). You will now feel a little prick and go to sleep.
12. Nurse, this is not 000. You must never argue with the surgeon.
13. That's fine nurse, thank you, thank you nurse.
14. Well why haven't you got it? You know I always use it.
15. The last but not the least;
Overheard on a Mayo Stand—two instruments arguing: "The last time I saw Paris."





A Night Nurse's Day

A NIGHT nurse's day begins with breakfast. Usually a most delightful meal. We can wave gaily to the day nurses going to work while we can go to sleep—or can we. A most uplifting thought. The conversation at breakfast is very stimulating. It consists of everybody telling everybody else what a dreadful night they had. This morning I am in particularly bad humor. The night had been quiet, too quiet. There were only three lights. The drug addict who had furnished most of my usual breakfast time conversation had gone home. Not even any emergencies! So, as you see, I have no grievances to relate. Therefore, I must take a back seat in the conversation. For someone who likes to talk this is depressing. I get up and leave.

At the door I am met by someone who inquires if there is any T.B. in the family, insinuating, I gather, that I look like it. This annoys me further. I have taken exactly two and one-half steps, am about to open the door, when a pedestrian (late day nurse) on the other side, relieves me of the task. The impact between myself and the swinging door succeeds only in making a gloomy morning darker.

On the way to the elevator I tentatively feel for the lump (I will undoubtedly have a brain tumor) and, vaguely disappointed at not finding one, proceed to cough frantically (T.B. indeed!) only to find:

1. I have no pain in my chest.
2. That it is utterly impossible to bring up any sputum—much less blood.

After several minutes of gloomy meditation and pressing the buzzer, I realize that my daily secret hope of the elevator running at this hour is only a waste of hoping. Of my painful journey to the fourth floor I shall say nothing. In a few years varicose veins will probably say it for me.

I get as far as removing my shoes when a "friend" appears from nowhere and proceeds to make herself comfortable on my bed. She is an evening nurse who was on P.M. yesterday.

"You'll never guess," she says, "what I did last night!"

I refrain from telling her that I don't know what she did—but I do know what I did and no matter how late she was up I was up later! I hopelessly hint that if I could get some sleep I might be in condition to drag myself to work tonight. I instantly see that we are getting nowhere and frigidly suggest that she looks as if she needs some more sleep.

After her delayed departure I do not leap into bed as you might expect. Instead I sit on the bed and consider the question of whether to have a bath or not. Should I prepare a clean uniform now or when I get up? The nine o'clock buzzer rends the air. This is really what I've been waiting for. I crawl into bed to sleep.

Pretty soon the conversation from up the hall drifts through. After a long and very noisy half hour two anonymous persons finally decide to go skiing. I am relieved . . . Perhaps, now . . . but no! From the sound out in the hallway they must be trying out the skiis. What do they expect me to do? Sleep peacefully through all this?

Some two hours later (clothed in articles belonging to various individuals) they depart. Tip toeing? out in ski boots they stop to peek in my door. I hastily shut my eyes. They leave—wondering aloud as to how anyone can sleep on such a calm beautiful day.

With a sigh I turn over anticipating an undisturbed rest. But the window blind flaps—I tape it down. I begin to feel too warm—so I have to cross the room to shut off the radiator.

Eventually, the mental strain (of keeping my temper) and physical strain (of tossing and turning) must have proved too much. I wake up three hours later than I had planned . . .

Result:

1. I am again in bad humor—my plans for the evening are ruined.
2. I missed my supper.
3. My bed is unmade.
4. And I haven't a clean uniform ready.

Which all goes to prove something you already know: Night nurses are just not supposed to sleep in the daytime.

L. J. KYLE.

S.B.H. In Miniature

If to nursing we would you allure,
Come with us on an S. B. H. tour.

TACHE:

From plain Tom to male elite
Nurses prefer this ward on nights.

ST. LOUIS:

Formulas, diapers, steam and noise,
N-ur-se, please pick up my toys.

NORMANT:

Surgery, urology, and Romeo, too,
Here interns find plenty to do.

SACRED HEART:

More and bigger surgery than ever
before,
Urologists practice has moved next
door.

CENTRAL SERVICE:

Around "Casualty" the hospital
revolves,
Burns, cuts, minor surgery it solves.

LANGEVIN:

T. & A.'s, cataracts, septums, ears,
E. E. N. T. — every nurse fears.

YOUVILLE:

Perfume, chocolates, flowers and
fruit,
Dignified ladies and Miss Loughheed
to boot.

ST. JOSEPH:

Complete transformation — pajamas
to gown,
St. Joe's efficiency will never come
down.

JOAN D'ARC:

Oxygen, coramine, Fowler's position,
These orders are "standing" for all
physicians.

ST. MARY:

A slate of ten — endless stretchers
coming,
Gynecology, hemorrhage, shock keep
this ward humming.

NURSERY:

Babies, premies, diapers flying,
At the end of the day weary nurses
sighing.

CASE ROOM:

Ether, draping, a baby new,
Day or night, the stork (and Dr.
Guyot) comes through.

ST. ANNE'S A. AND B.:

The happy mothers their pride they
share,
Ordeal over, they trust to our "post-
partum" care.

OPERATING ROOM:

The major and the minor — mostly
T. & A.,
If you get anything better, you can
yell hurrah!

DIET KITCHEN:

Custards burned, stacks of dishes to
be washed,
Diabetics, generals, salads that are
withered and squashed.

O. P. D.:

Syringes, sinks, gloves and general
cleaning,
Dread of tumor clinic on Friday
morning.

OBSERVATION:

The "Obs" was the scene of wails and
curses
As mumps and measles struck down
so many nurses.

ANNEX:

Our "old folks' home," geriatrics is
yours for free,
"Tain't" what it used to be.
We've covered them all, now we're
through,
Whether you come or not, it's up to
you.



A Nurse's PRAYER...

THE WORLD GROWS BRIGHTER YEAR BY YEAR,
 BECAUSE SOME NURSE IN HER LITTLE SPHERE
 PUTS ON HER APRON, AND SMILES, AND SINGS,
 AND KEEPS ON DOING THE SAME OLD THINGS,
 TAKING THE TEMPERATURES, GIVING THE PILLS
 TO REMEDY MANKIND'S NUMEROUS ILLS,
 FEEDING THE BABIES, ANSWERING THE BELLS,
 BEING POLITE WITH A HEART THAT REBELS.
 LONGING FOR HOME, AND ALL THE WHILE
 WEARING THE SAME OLD PROFESSIONAL SMILE,
 BLESSING THE NEW BORN BABY'S FIRST BREATH,
 CLOSING THE EYES THAT ARE STILLED IN DEATH.
 TAKING THE BLAME FOR ALL MISTAKES,
 OH, DEAR! WHAT A LOT OF PATIENCE IT TAKES,
 GOING OFF DUTY AT SEVEN O'CLOCK,
 BUT CALLED OUT TO HELP AT SEVEN-FIFTEEN,
 WITH WOE IN THE HEART THAT MUST NOT BE SEEN,
 MORNING AND EVENING, NOON AND NIGHT,
 JUST DOING IT OVER, HOPING IT'S RIGHT,
 WHEN WE REPORT OFF TO CROSS THE BAR,
 DEAR LORD, WILL YOU GIVE US -
 JUST ONE LITTLE STAR
 TO WEAR ON THE CAP
 OF OUR UNIFORM NEW-
 In the ward above,
 where the head nurse
 IS YOU...





A group of internes were standing and discussing the latest case on Normand when interrupted by a shy probie. "Pardon me, but 245-2 would like to see you," addressing one of them. Ten minutes later same probie goes to same group who are discussing same case and urgently repeats, "Pardon me again, but please take the man off the bedpan—he's in a bad way." Dr. Furman rescued the bewildered blushing Dr. Weatherhead. "He's a graduated orderly now—why, he's an interne."

* * *

Mrs. Smith: That old cart in the "barn"—I wish somebody would take it away. It just takes up a lot of valuable space.

Miss Laivey: I'll take it Mrs. Smith. I could make a nice book-case out of it.

Mrs. Smith: (jokingly) Sure, go ahead.

That evening after many hours of screwing and unscrewing bolts, handles and railings, Miss Laivey had a beautiful book-case. One book really lying against the next, all dusted and in orderly fashion.

Mrs. Smith: (on entering the "barn" the following morning). What happened to the old cart?

Miss Laivey: I made a book-case out of it. You said I could.

That evening Miss Laivey was again unscrewing and screwing bolts, handles and railings for many hours. Next morning the cart was back in it's old stall and still is. (Yes, it's a true story).

* * *

A Midwestern newspaper heads the list of births, marriages, and deaths briefly as: Hatched, Matched, Detached.

Dr. Peikoff upon entering St. Mary's chart room is confronted by a blank expression on only nurse's face as she stands and gazes at the rows of charts and him. He looks at her in wonder as she stands there motionless.

Dr. Peikoff: Well???

Miss Smith: I'm sorry doctor, but I don't know who you are?"

Dr. Peikoff: Dr. McNulty of course. (Viciously pretending to smoke a cigar and sticking out his chest?)

Miss Smith: (Taking out one chart after another) "Mrs. Brown is complaining of terrific nausea; Mrs. Larry left us last night; Mrs. Toni is delirious, etc."

Dr. Peikoff: Alright nurse, let's see these patients. (Walking down the corridor).

Graduate Nurse: Good morning, Dr. Peikoff.

Miss Smith is seen leaving p.d.q.

* * *

Dear Dad:

Gue\$\$ what I need mo\$t of all? That'\$ right. \$end it along. Be\$t wi\$h\$c\$.

Your \$ally.

Dear \$ally:

Nothing much ever happens here. We kNOW you like training. Write us a NOther letter aNOw. NOW we have to say goodbye.

Love Dad.

* * *

"I hope you are following my instructions carefully, Sandy; the pills three times a day, and a drop of whiskey at bedtime."

"Weel, sir, I may be a wee bit behind on the pills, but I'm about six weeks in front wi' the whiskey."

An infant was awakened from a peaceful slumber in a hospital. Looking down at his raiment he yelled over to the occupant of the next crib—"Did you spill water on my diaper?"

"Naw," was the answer.

The first speaker looked puzzled for a moment and then said: Hmmm, must have been an inside job."

* * *

A small boy had watched a telephone repair man climb a pole, connect the test set and try the connection with the test board. There was some trouble obtaining the connection. The youngster listened a few minutes and rushed into the house exclaiming. "Mama, come out her quick. There is a man up a telephone pole talking to heaven."

"What makes you think he's talking to heaven?"

"'Cause he hollered 'Hello! Hello! Hello! Good Lord, what's the matter up there, can't anyone hear?'"

If it wasn't for the optimist, the pessimist would never know how happy he isn't.

* * *

One of the greatest labor-saving inventions of today is tomorrow.

* * *

All too often a clear conscience is merely the result of a bad memory.

* * *

Mother (to small daughter saying her prayers) "A little louder, please I can't hear you."

Daughter: "Yes, Mother, but I'm not speaking to you."

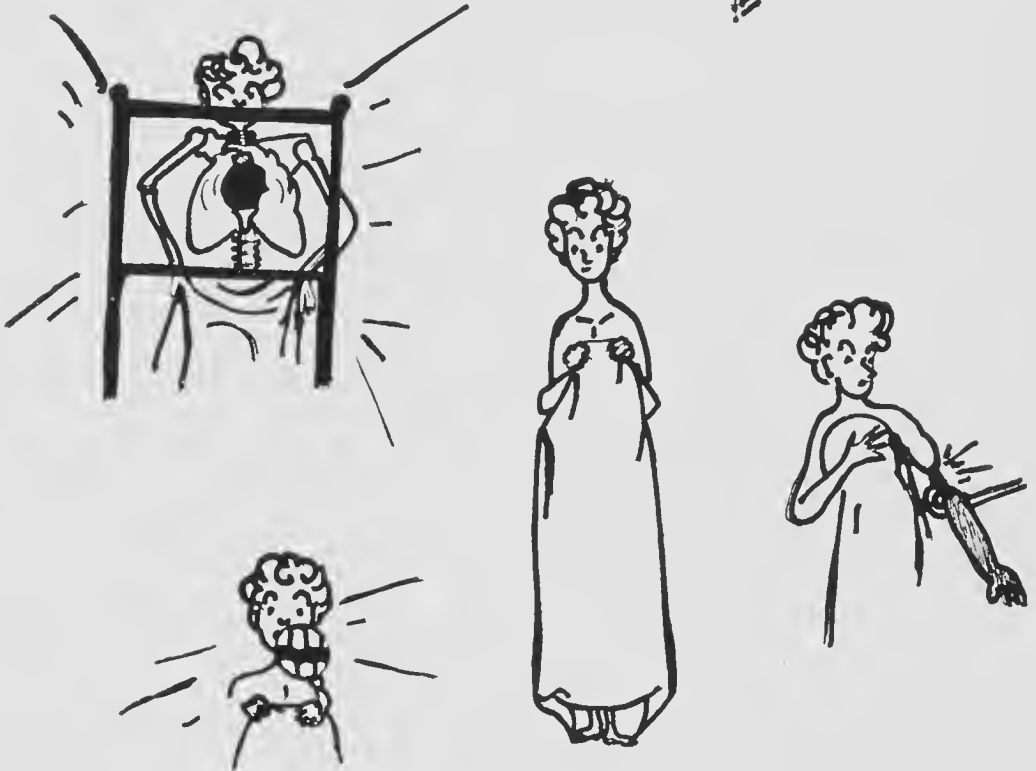
* * *

Doctor: "You are slightly morbid, my dear lady. You should look about you and marry again."

Widow: "Oh, Doctor, is—is this a proposal?"

Doctor: "Allow me to remind you, madam, that a doctor prescribes medicine—but he doesn't take it."

EMBARRASSING ISN'T IT!!



A girl from a big city helping with the harvest, complained that a bull kept looking at her in a somewhat menacing manner.

"I expect," said the farmer, "that it's on account of that red frock you're wearing."

"Oh," said the girl, "I know it's terribly out of fashion, but just fancy that—a country bull noticing it."

* * *

A young boy slept in, rushed downstairs, has a bite of breakfast and all the while saying "Please Lord, don't let me be late for school."

He grabs his books and runs out still saying—"Please, Lord, don't let me be late for school." Running several blocks he is still puffing vigorously, "Please, Lord, don't let me be late for school." Suddenly he trips on a rock and falls in a puddle of muddy water. Picking his dirty, dripping self up said "You don't have to shove."

* * *

The elevator was jammed with people. As it neared the fourth floor there was a piercing scream. All eyes were focused on a large woman wearing slacks. A small boy stood directly behind her.

"I did it" he announced defiantly. "It was in my face, so I bit it."

* * *

Many folks learned "Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep," at their mother's knee. Many still lisp it as they fall asleep. But few give thought to the needs and dangers of the day. Recently, the president of a service club gave a parody on it which might be good for us to say each morning:

Now I get me up to work,
I pray the Lord I shall not shirk,
And if I die before tonight,
I pray the Lord my work's all right.

* * *

An ambitious young man heard of the death of the junior partner of a big firm. Being full of self-confidence, he hurried to the offices of the firm, whose senior partner was a friend of his father's.

"How about my taking your partner's place?" he asked.

"Excellent!" said the senior partner. "If you can fix things with the undertaker."

* * *

Dr. Evoy: (3 a.m. in the Case Room)
"Here comes Dr. Booklet."

Dr. Book: "Humph! People always trying to belittle me."

A little girl, sitting in church watching a wedding, suddenly exclaimed:

"Mummy, has the lady changed her mind?"

"What do you mean?" the mother asked.

"Why, replied the child, "she went up the aisle with one man and came back with another."

* * *

Women do not try to imitate men; men aren't worth it.

*Congratulation to the
Graduates . . .*

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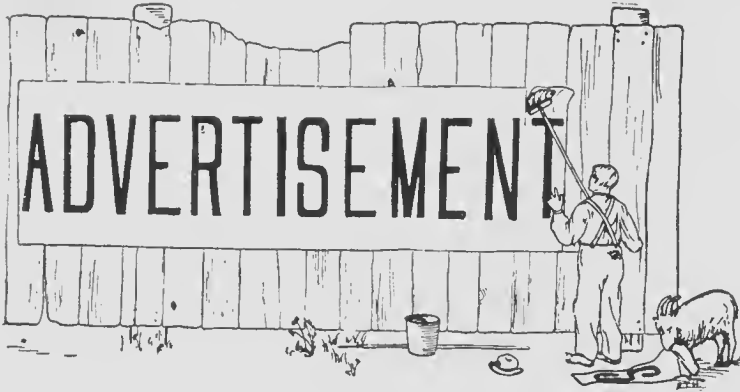
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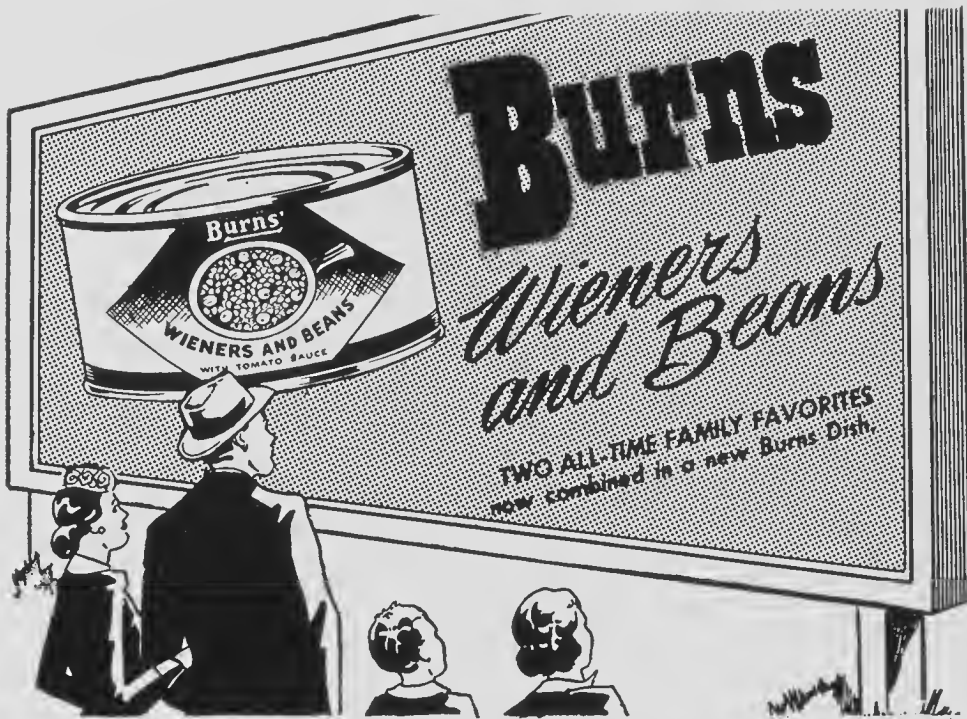
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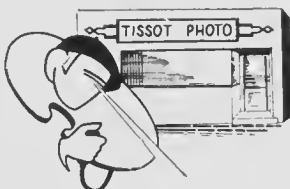
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